A curious crowd of neighbors invade the mysterious home of Judge Ostrander. County judge and eccentric recluse, following a veiled woman who proves to be the widow of a man tried before the judge and electrocuted for murder years before. Her daughter is engaged to the judge's son, from whom he is estranged, but, the murder is between the lovers. She plans to clear her husband's memory and asks the judge's aid. Deborah Scoville reads the newspaper clippings telling the story of the murder of Algernon Etheridge by John Scoville in Dark Hollow, twelve years before. The judge and Mrs. Scoville meet at Spencer's Folly and she shows him how, on the day of the murder, she saw the shadow of a man, whittling a stick and wearing a long peaked cap. The judge engages her and her daughter Reuther to live with him in his mysterious home. Deborah and her lawyer. Black, go to the police station and see the stick used to murder Etheridge. She discovers a broken knife-blade point embedded in it. Deborah and Reuther go to live with the judge. Deborah sees a portrait of Oliver, the judge's son, with a black band mainted across the eyes. That night she filids, in Oliver's room, a cap with a peak like the shadowed one, and a knife with a broken blade-point. Anonymous letters and a talk with Miss Weeks increase her suspicions and fears. She finds that Oliver was in the ravine on the murder night. Black warns her and shows her other anonymous letters thing at Oliver's guilt. In the court room the judge is handed an anonymous note. The note is picked up and read aloud. A mob follows the judge to his home. Deborah tells him why suspicion has been aroused against Oliver. The judge shows Deborah a statement written by Oliver years ago telling how he saw her husband murder Spencer at Spencer's Folly on the night the house was burned. A vain attempt to silence the anonymous letter writer is made.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

CHAPTER XIV-Continued.

"I didn't ask to see the ladies," protested Flannagan, turning with a slinking gait toward the door.

If they only had let him go! If the judge in his new self-confidence had not been so anxious to deepen the effect and make any future repetition of

the situation impossible! "You understand the lady," he interposed, with the quiet dignity which was so imposing on the bench. "She has no sympathy with your ideas and no faith in your conclusions. She believes absolutely in my son's inno-

cence." "Do you, ma'am?" The man had turned and was surveying her with the dogged impudence of his class. "I'd like to hear you say it, if you don't mind, ma'am. Perhaps, then, I'll be-

lieve it." "I-" she began, trembling so, that she failed to reach her feet, although she made one spasmodic effort to do "I believe-Oh, I feel ill! It's been too much-I-" her head fell forward and she turned herself quite away from them all.

You see, she ain't so eager, jedge, as you thought." laughed the bill-poster, with a clumsy bow he evidently meant to be sarcastic.

'Ok, what have I done!" moaned Deborah, starting up as though she would fling herself after the retrecting figure, now half way down the hall

She saw in the look of the judge as ne forcibly scopped her, and the lawyer's whisper as he bounded past them both to see the fellow out: "Useless; nothing will bridle him now;" and finding no support for her despairing spirit either on earth or, as she thought, in heaven, she collapsed where she sat and fell unnoticed to the floor, where she lay prone at the feet of the equally unconscious figure of the judge, fixed in another attack of his peculiar (complaint.

And thus the lawyer found them when he returned from closing the gate behind Flannagan

"I cannot say anything, I cannot do anything that have had a few words with Mrs. Spoville. How soon do you think I can meak to her?"

"Not very scon. Her daughter says she is quite worn out. Would it not be better to give her a rest for tonight, judge?"

The judge, how quite recovered, but strangely shrunk and wan, showed no surprise at this request, odd as it was. on the lips of this honest but somewhat crabbed lawyer, but answered out of the fullness of his own heart and from the depths of his preoccupation:

"My necessity is greater than her. The change I sav in her is inexplicable. One moment she was all fire and determination, satisfied of Oliver's innocence and eager to proclaim it. The next-but you were with us. You witnessed her hesitation-felt its force and what its effect was upon the damnable scamp who has our honor-the honor of the Ostranders under his tongue. Something must have produced this change. What? good friend, what?"

"I don't know any more than you do, Judge. But I think you are mistaken about the previous nature of her feelings. I noticed that she was not at peace with herself when she came into the room."

"What's that?" The tone was short, and for the first time irritable.

"The change, if there was a change, was not so sudden as you think. She looked troubled, and as I thought, ir any idea?" resolute when she came into the room."

know what passed between us. She few days will tell." was all right then, but-go to her,

minute. I won't detain her. I will wait for her warning knock right

The judge had declared his necessity to be greater than hers, and after Mr. Black had subjected him to one of his most searching looks he decided that this was so, and quietly departed upon his errand. The judge left alone, sat, a brooding figure in his great chair, with no light in heart or mind to combat the shadows of approaching night settling heavier and heavier up or the room and upon himself with every slow passing and intolerable minute.

At last, when the final ray had departed and darkness reigned supreme, there came a low knock on the door. Then a troubled cry:

"Oh, judge, are you here?"

"Don't come any nearer; it is not necessary." A pause, then the quick question ringing hollow from the darkness: "Why have your doubts returned? Why are you no longer the woman you were when not an hour ago and in this very spot you cried. 'I will be Oliver's advocate!' " Then, as no answer came—as minutes passed, and still no answer came, he spoke again and added: "I know that you are ill and exhausted-broken be tween duty a. d sympathy; but you must answer me, Mrs. Scoville affairs won't wait. I must know the truth and all the truth before this day is over.'

"You shall." Her voice sounded hollow, too, and, oh, how weary! "You allowed the document you showed me



She Lay at the Feet of the Unconsclous Figure of the Judge.

to remain a little too long before my eyes. That last page-need I say it?" "Say it."

"Shows-shows change, Judge Ostrander. Some words have been erased and new ones written in. They are not many, but—"

"I understand. I do not blame, you, Deborah." The words came after a pause and very softly, almost as softly as her own, but which had sounded darkness "Too many stumblingblocks in your way, Deborah, too much to combat. The most trusting heart must give way under such a strain. That page was tampered with. I tampered with it myself. I am not expert as he wrote it." Then after another silence, he added, with a certain vehome. Prepare Reuther, or, if you where she will be safe from the storm which bids fair to wreck us here. No. don't speak; just ask Mr. Black to return, will you?"

When Mr. Black re-entered the study, it was to find the room lighted and the judge bent over the table, writ-

"You are going to send for Oliver?"

he queried. The judge hesitated, then motion-

ing Black to sit, said abruptly:

"What is Andrews' attitude in this

Andrews was Shelby's district attor-Black's answer was like the man.

"I saw him for one minute an hour ago. I think, at present, he is inclined driven to action, he will act. And, through." judge, the man Flannagan isn't going

to stop where he is." "Black, be merciful to my misery. What does this man know? Have you

"No, judge, I haven't. He's as tight

An Ostrander once accused cannot the glad cry: skulk. Oliver has been accused and "Oliver is no longer in Detroit, but

forward the telegram he had written. Mr. Black took up the telegram and

Come at once. Imperative. No delay and no excuse. ARCHIBALD OSTRANDER.

"Mrs. Scoville will supply the address," continued the poor father. You will see that it goes, and that its sending is kept secret. The answer, if any is sent, had better be directed to your office. What do you say,

"I am your friend, right straight through, judge. Your friend."

"And my boy's adviser?" "I'm a surly fellow, judge. I have known you all these years, yet I've never expressed-never said what I even find it hard to say now, thatthat my esteem is something more than esteem; that-that I'll do anything for you, judge."

"I-we won't talk of that, Black. Tell Mrs. Spoville to keep me informed -and bring me any message that may come. The boy, even if he leaves the first thing in the morning, cannot get here before tomorrow night."

"Not possibly." "He will telegraph. I shall hear from him. O God! the hours I must wait; my boy! my boy!"

It was nature's irrepressible cry. Black pressed his hand and went out with the telegram.

CHAPTER XV.

He Must Be Found. Next morning an agitated confab took place at the sate, or rather between the two front gates. Mr. Black

rang for admittance, and Mrs. Scoville answered the call. "One moment, Mrs. Scoville. How can I tell the judge!. Young Ostrander

is gone-fled the city, and I can get no clue to his whereabouts. I have been burning the telegraph wires ever since the first dispatch, and this is the result. Where is Reuther?"

"At Miss Weeks. I had to command her to leave me alone with the judge. It's the first time I ever spoke unkindly to her Have you the messages

He bundled them into her hand. "I will hand them in to him. We can do nothing less and nothing more. Then if he wants you, I will tele-

'Mrs. Scoville-" she felt his hand laid softly on her shoulder-"there is some one else in this matter to con-

sider besides Judge Ostrander." "Reuther? Oh, don't I know it! She's not out of my mind a moment."

"Reuther is young, and has a gallant soul. I mean you, Mrs. Scoville, you. You are not to succumb to this trial. You have a future—a bright future or should have. Do not endanger it by giving up all your strength now. It's precious, that strength, or would

"He must be found! Oliver must be found!" How the words rung in her ears. She had handed in the messages to the waiting father; she had uttered a word or two of explanation, and then, at his request, had left him. But his last cry followed her: "He

must be found!"
Mr. Black looked serious.

"Pride or hope?" he asked.
"Desperation," she responded, with guilty look about her. "Possibly, WHEN AN ICEBERG COLLAPSES some hope is in it, too. Perhaps, he thinks that any charge of this nature Event Always Source of Great Danmust fall before Oliver's manly appearance. Whatever he thinks, there is but one thing to do: Find Oliver."

"Mrs. Scoville, the police have started upon that attempt. I got the tip this morning."

"We must forestall them. To satisfy the judge, Oliver must come of his own accord to face these charges."

"It's a brave stock. If Oliver gets his father's telegram he will come." "But how are we to reach him!

We are absolutely in the dark." "If I could go to Detroit, I might strike some clue; but I cannot leave its low knell of doom through the the judge. Mr. Black, he told me this morning when I carried in his breakfast that he should see no one and go nowhere till I brought him word that Oliver was in the house. The hermit life has begun again. What shall we do? Advise me in this emerat forgery. I had better have left it, gency, for I feel as helpless as a child -as a lost child"

"You say you cannot go to Detroit. hemence: "We will struggle no long Shall I go? Court is adjourned. I er, either you or I. The boy must come know of nothing more important than Judge Ostrander's peace of mind-unthink best, provide a place for her less it is yours. I will go if you say

"Will it avail? Let me think. I knew him well, and yet not well enough to know where he would be most likely to go under impulse."

"There is some one who knows him better than you do." "Reuther? Oh, she mustn't told-

"Yes, she must. She's our one ad-

vicer. Go for her-or send me." "It won't be necessary. There's her ring at the gate. But, oh, Mr. Black, think again before you trouble this fragile child of mine with doubts and questions which make her mother

tremble." "She has scurces of strength which you lack. She believes absolutely in to be both deaf and dumb, but if he's Oliver's integrity. It will carry her

"Please let her in, Mr. Black I will wait here while you tell her."

Mr. Black hurrled from the room. When his form became visible on the walk without, Deborah watched him sided during the short time they in from where she stood far back in the habited the town after their removal as a drum—and as noisy. It is possible room. A staff had been put in her from Corsica. It was a botel kept by You don't know her; you don't -just possible that he's as empty. A hand, rough to the touch, b t firm the foster sister of his mother, the under pressure, and she needed such a daughter of her nurse. The husbant "I cannot wait for a few days. I staff. But she forgot gratitude and of the unfortunate woman was kill-

the consequences are likely to be fatal. running into her arms, burst ou? with

-Pend that!" he quickly cried, pulling he's wanted here, and Mr. Black and I are going to find him. I think I know where to look. Get me ready, mother dear; we are going tonight.'

"But," objected Deborah, "if you know where to look for him, why take the child? Why go yourself? Why not telegraph to these places?"

His answer was a look, quick, sharp and enigmatical enough to require explanation. He could not give it to her then, but later, when Reuther had left them, he said:

"Men who fly their engagements and secrete themselves, with or without a pretext, are not so easily reached. We shall have to surprise Oliver Ostrander, in order to place his father's message in his hands."

You may be right. But Reuther? Can she stand the excitement—the physical strain?"

"You have the harder task of the wo, Mrs. Scoville. Leave the little one to me. She shall not suffer " Deborah's response was eloquent It

was only a look, but it made his harsh features glow and his hard eye soften. But his thoughts, if not his hopes, receive: a check when, with every plan made and Reuther in trembling anticipation of the journey, he encountered the triumphant figure of Flannagan coming out of police head-

His jaunty air, his complaisant nod, admitted of but one explanation. He had told his story to the chief authorities and been listened to Proof that he had something of actual moment to tell them; something which the district attorney's office might feel bound to take up

A night of stars, seen through sway ing treetops whose leaves crisping to their fall, murmured gently of vanished hopes and approaching death

Below, a long, low building with a lighted window here and there, surrounded by a heavy growth of trees which are but the earnest of the illimitable stretch of the Adirondack woods which painted darkness on the encircling horizon.

Within, Reuther seated in the glow of a hospitable fire of great logs, talking earnestly to Mr. Black. As they were placed, he could see her much better than she could see him, his back being to the blaze and she, in its direct glare.

He could, therefore, study her fea tures without offense, and this he did steadily and with deep interest, all the while she was talking. He was looking for signs of physical weakness or fatigue; but he found none. The pallor of her features was a natural pallor, and in their expression, new forces were becoming apparent, which gave him encouragement, rather than anxlety, for the adventure whose most trying events lay still before them.

This is what she was saying: "I cannot point to any one man of the many who have been about us ever since we started north. But that we have been watched and our route followed. I feel quite convinced But as you saw, no one besides ourselves left the cars at this station, and I am beginning to hope that we shall remain unmolested till we can take the trip to Tempest lodge. How far is it, Mr. Black?'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ger to Craft That May Be in the Immediate Vicinity.

One of the main dangers in the proximity of an iceberg is its unknown extent beneath the water. It is told that the passengers of a steamboat on the Newfoundland coast successfully importuned the captain to approach an iceberg for a close inspection, says a writer in the Wide World. While still apparently sufficiently distant for safety some movement, in the water or natural decay acted upon the berg, and it split apart. Instantly it began to readjust its balance. The tremendous masses beneath the water steadily rose as the pieces swung over, and one wide cxtending ledge came up beneath the boat. "What shall we do now?" inquired a tourist. "Get down on your knees," was the terse reply of the captain. But the great wave from the tumbling ice swept down on the beat and washed it to safety.

The collapse of an iceberg spready danger to great distances. It may be too far distant to threaten a craft itself, but the wave it raises will swamp the largest boat in the immediate neighborhood.

Saw New Era of Warfare.

At the first interview between Napoleon and the veteran generals whom he was to command Rampon under took to give the young commander some advice. Napoleon, who was impatient of advice, exclaimed: "Gentlemen, the art of war is in its infancy. The time has passed in which enemies are mutually to appoint the place of combat, advance hat in hand and say: 'Gentlemen, will you have the goodness to fire?" "-"Table Talk and Opinions of Napoleon Buonaparte."

Bonaparte's Unlucky Shot. It is somewhat remarkable that the

first shell fired at Toulon was by the hand of Bonaparte, and that it fell upon and entirely destroyed the very house where he and his family had re Black. She must have recovered by hardly feel as if I could wait a few every lesser emotion in watching in the explosion.—The Napoleon And this time. [] Ask her to come here for a hours. Oliver must come, even if—if Reuther's expression. The young girl, dotes, edited by W. H. Lander

SCHOOL LEADERS TO CONFER

Program is Announced For Meeting of Public School Executives in Columbia March 16-17.

Columbia.-William C. Bynum of Georgetown, president, has made public the programme for the meeting of the department of superintendents. State Teachers 'Association, to be held in Columbia during the convention of the association, March 16, 17 and 18. R. A. Gentry of Ridgeway is vice president of the department, W. E. Black of Lexington is treasurer and L. M. Bouknight of Latta is secre-

The programme follows: March 16, 4 P. M .- President's address, W. C. Bynum; "The Attitude of the School Toward Home Study." J. C. Daniel; "The Backward Pupil

and What to Do With Him," D. R. Riser; general discussions. March 17, 9:30 A. M .- Open discussion of the following subjects: Status of the High School Principal in His Relationship to the Superintendent of Schools," introduced by W. H. Hall; "The Teaching of English in the Primary Grades," introduced by Miss Trix Barbour; "The Superintendents' Part in His Teachers' Meetings," introduced by R. B. Cheatham; reports of committees.

March 17, 3:30 P. M .- "The Teaching of Science in Our Schools," George Harris Webber; "The Superintendent's Responsibility for a Teacher's Efficiency," S. H. Edmunds; "What Can We Do to Make the Standards in the Teaching of English and Literature Definite and Uniform in the Public Schools of South Carolina?" R. S. Bailey; general discussions.

Creamery Routes Are Profitable.

Clemson College.—Summaries made of the year ending December 31, 1915, shows that the year was a very successful one for the Clemson College Co-operative Creamery and Poultry association. As a result of the year's activities, the farmers in the Piedmont counties who were patrons of the creamery received nearly \$33,000 and the average price paid to them for butter fat was slightly more than 28 cents per pound, which will compare favorably, it is said, with prices paid to patrons of the very large creameries of the Middle West.

At the close of 1915 there were 183 patrons, with 702 cows and 232 cream separators. At the beginning of the year there had been 62 patrons, with 190 cows and 48 separators. The butter fat receipts were largest in August, when they reached 14,815 pounds. The average monthly receipts were 11,561 pounds. The average price paid for butter fat was 28 cents. The total amount returned to farmers during the year was \$32,-

For Good Roads Work.

Washington.-Senator Tillman has offered an amendment proposing to insert a new section in the United States revised statutes. He would have convicts sentenced by federal judges for less than one year labor on the roads of the respective county where sentence is imposed or where the crime is committed. He would also have it provided that such convict would be under the same management and control as those sentenced by state courts. It is also provided that such work shall be in all cases performed on such highways as are used for rural delivery mail purposes.

Cotton Expert Goes to Georgia.

Clemson College,-C. A. McLendon, who for the last two years has been conducting the cotton wilt investigations in this state under the direction of Clemson College and the federal department of agriculture, has resigned to take a position as expert in cotton breeding with the Georgia state F. A. BUSH, Richland, Ga. board of entomology. Thousands of dollars have been saved to farmers in this state through the cotton wilt work and Mr. McLendon's services in work and Mr. McLendon's services in that field have been notable.

Death Sentence For Negro.

York .- At a special term of court, ordered by Gov. Manning and held here, Israel Good, a 17-year-old negro, was convicted of criminal assault upon the person of a little 6-year-old white girl of this county and was sentenced by Judge Thomas S. Sease to be electrocuted on Friday, Feb. 25.

SOUTH CAROLINA NEWS ITEMS.

The Enterprise Carbonating Company of St. George has been commissloned with a capital of \$1,000. The potitioners are: V. A Bunch and T. W. McGill.

The publicity committee of the Orangeburg chamber of commerce and agriculture is offering a prize of \$1 to the persons writing the best letter of 50 words or under as to how to entertain the crowd that will visit Orangeburg during the next "get-to gether" day.

The secretary of state has issued a commission to the Citizens' Building and Loan Association of Bamberg with a capital of \$60,000. The petitioners are: A. W. Knight, George F. Hair and W. A. Klauber.

Rivers in the whole state touched the high water marks last week and trouble and damage was reported from many places.

The secretary of state has issued a charter to the Shelley-Cook Company of Aynor with a capital of \$4,000. Th officers are: J, T, Shelley, president, and J, W. Cook, secretary an reasurer.

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He Knew It. "Do you believe that there is ly something which can inva-

tell when a man is lying?" "I know it." "Ah, perhaps you have seen one of the instruments?"

"Seen one? I married one." Nothing pleases some people more han to hear disagreeable things about

If experience cannot teach a man there is no hope for him.

other people whom they don't like.



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